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DIXIE

1903

From
Mrs Rufus Fart
Anderson SC

THE
DIXIE CHAPTER
DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY

PREFACE.

DIXIE CHAPTER, Daughters of the Confederacy, of Anderson, S. C., was organized May 14th, 1900. The objects for which this Association was formed are Social, Literary, Benevolent and Historical. To collect Records and Incidents of the Confederate War not elsewhere chronicled, also to aid in the preservation of its History and the perpetuation of the principles involved in that struggle.

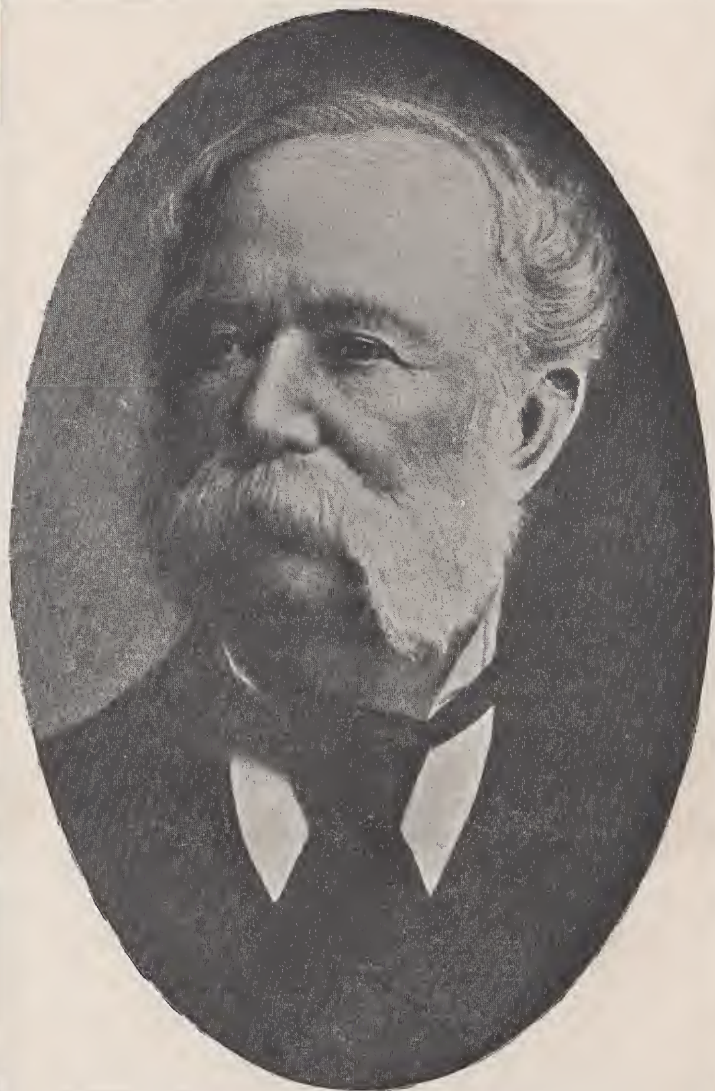
With these objects in view this our second "Booklet" is offered to the public, and we trust will be as well received as the first.

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Officers of the Dixie Chapter, 1902==1903.

MRS. PEAL ROGERS FANT.....	President.
MRS. J. A. BROCK.....	1st Vice-President.
MRS. W. A. CHAPMAN.....	2nd Vice President.
MISS ZULA BROCK.....	Secretary.
MRS. J. E. BREAZEALE.....	Treasurer.
MISS ELEANOR COCHRAN.....	Historian.
MRS. A. P. JOHNSTONE.....	Gleaner.
MRS. MINNIE EDWARDS RUSSELL.....	Reporter
MRS. J. M. PAGET.....	Auditor.



GENERAL WADE HAMPTON.

Died at Columbia, South Carolina, April 11th, 1902.



"REQUIESCAT IN PACE!"

A Tribute.

[BY TERESA STRICKLAND.]

Toast him in Life's choicest wine,—
Offer garlands at his shrine!

Warrior of God's own anointing,
Archetype of manhood thou!
Deeds of valor, deeds of daring,
Earned the laurels for thy brow.

Hero, statesman, soldier, Christian,
Angels gemmed for thee a crown!
Man may conquer, man may vanish,
Pure and fadeless thy renown.
Thus the daughters of fair Dixie,
Offer garlands at thy grave—
None more faithful, true and brave!

The Dixie Chapter, U. D. C.

[BY TERESA STRICKLAND.]

Our emblematic flow'r shall be
 As fair as Southern chivalry;
 As pure as truth, and shaped like stars,
 To keep in mind our sons of Mars,
 Who gave lives, who did not pause,
 To do and die, for the "Lost Cause!"
 A flow'r whose incense is like prayer
 Arising on the golden air.
 And like brave Women's hearts as bright
 As those which shone throughout war's night!
 Who clung and twined to sorrows' rod,
 And turned with trust and faith to God.
 In mem'ry of that sacred hour,
 We choose the clinging Jas'mine flower.
 And to perpetuate the deeds
 Of Southern men, and widow's weeds,
 Of women brave, and soldiers tried,
 Who, for pure honor fought and died,
 Our motto be engraved in gold,
 And to our children's children told,—

"LORD GOD OF HOST, BE WITH US YET."
 "LEST WE FORGET—LEST WE FORGET!"

Inaugural Address of Mrs. Pearl Rodgers Fant, President Dixie Chapter, Anderson, S. C., Jan. 31, 1902.

There is a word in Southern tongue that seems to hold a magic power. When whispered to a Southern heart it thrills it like a mystic touch and makes it glow in the shadow of a strange mysterious spell. What wondrous word, I hear you ask, can hold such subtle power?

I see a broad and fair land, land of mighty trees and sunny flowers, blue sky and soft caressing breezes, a land that nature once saw in dreams, and then awoke to make real the beautiful vision. What name brings up the picture? 'Tis the magic word—*Dixie*.

In the distance, on the breezes, strains of music and a grand wild exultation! Unconquerable pride, sublime defiance, a noble daring to stake even life and honor for loss of country. A deep exulting hope of victory are the emotions that throb in the martial strain—and the stirring magic name is Dixie, ever Dixie!

Again, I see a battlefield o'er which the pitying night has thrown her mantle of darkness. A spirit walks o'er the field, and stooping, dips her pen in blood to write upon her scroll. It is Fairie's list of heroes dead, and across the names in shining letters is written the glorious name—*Dixie*.

But again, the scene has changed, and I see on the altar of patriotism an offering of love. A band of faithful women has met, to "laurel the graves" of heroes with the love and tears of devotion. A deep strong love for the past, a tender reverence for its broken ideals, and a faithful longing to keep alive those ideals in the hearts of Southerners, and they meet under a glorious name—again it is the magic

word—"Dixie." This Dixie is as brave and true in accomplishing *her* work as the great Dixie of '65.

In electing me to the Presidency you have conferred upon me at once, an honor and a duty. The honor, I appreciate; the duty, I hope, with your help, to fulfill. In showing such confidence in me, however, you have given me the right to expect much of you, and I trust we will be as one heart, ever loving and devoted to everything expressed by *Dixie*.

In behalf of the Chapter, I wish to thank the retiring President and officers for their tireless energy, unwavering devotion, and the faithfulness with which they have served the Dixie. The work that our Chapter has accomplished in the past two years is a wonderful record of which we have a right to feel proud.

In the unselfish devotion and energy of one of our own members (Miss Lenora Hubbard), we have already been given a noble example of patience and fidelity, and as we lovingly gaze upon our monument to our Confederate dead, we know her aspirations have been crowned with success, and we believe that our hopes and ambitions cannot fail if we work with *Love* as our watchword, *Patience* our guard, and *Victory* our hope and expectation.



Sketch of Old Confederate Treasury

[BY MISS MAY RUSSELL.]

This historic building is a fit banqueting place for the South Carolina Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Its historic association with the City of Anderson dates back for more than fifty years, when it was the educational center, not only of this, but of all the Piedmont region, and as the Johnson Female University, it stood without a peer for the education of the daughters of the State this side of the far-famed Barhamville.

But war's "rude alarm rang" through the land, and its doors were closed, while the sons of the State flocked to the front and the daughters stood by with tear-dimmed eyes and aching hearts, but hands active in ministering to the wants of the dear ones in the field. The exigencies of the

service in 1864, demanded the establishing of a branch of the Confederate Treasury in Columbia, S. C., the branch for the printing and signing of the Confederate notes. When Sherman started on his raid of pillage, rapine, and burning through this State it was removed from Columbia to this building, then the property of Frazier, Trenholm & Co., one of the members of which, Mr. George A. Trenholm, being the Confederate Secretary of the Treasury. To this building was brought the outfit with the lithographic stones on which the bills were printed, and was put in charge of W. Y. Leach, of Charleston. The bills were signed by young ladies, most of whom were from Virginia. Four of these young ladies boarded with our honored venerable townsman, Hon. B. F. Crayton. Miss Resha Haynes, of Portsmouth, Va., signed the \$500 bills, Miss Savage, Miss Crump, a niece of Judge Crump, and Miss Elliott, of Winnsboro, S. C., signed the other denominations.

On the appearance of the raiders on the 1st day of May, 1865, these stones were thrown into a deep well at the south-west corner of this building.

The raiders spent two days and nights in town, the robbing being done just before leaving. Mr. Leach, having some gold on hand, gave each of the young ladies \$20, and the gentlemen connected with the department, \$100 a piece.

After the close of the war, the doors of this building were again thrown open to the youths of our land, and different educators "wielded the scepter." Professor Ligon taught here many years and his memory is sacred and dear to many of Anderson's men and women. But the well and its contents were long since forgotten until the Patrick Military institute was opened in this building by Col. John B. Patrick, and it was then that the well was cleaned out and revealed its hidden treasures. Pieces of these lithographic

stones were recovered and a number of our citizens now have them in their possession.

As the purpose of our organization and meetings together is to recall and perpetuate the memories of those heroic days, in which our fathers were the actors, and during which they made four years of the most glorious history the world has ever seen, which will be read with wonder and delight while men and women honor brave deeds, heroic action, and love of country, so we gather here in this historic building, the scene of one of the dramas in the tragedy of the life and death of the new born nation, "than which none ever rose so fair or fell so pure."

Address of Welcome to Daughters of South Carolina Division, U. D. C. at Anderson.

[BY ELEANOR FREY COCHRAN.]

Should the angel of creation's dawn pass over the life of men to-day no single phase of human existence would be found in its primal form, no single expression of human activity would shine out in its light of that first great day. The great everlasting laws of nature are indeed the same first orders of the creating force of life, but as the crimson lights of that first wondrous morning of the creation have brightened to the midday run of man's great, glorious present, so in the changing lights of life have laws found new expressions. Development has been the one returning universal secret and change, the one unchanging current in the onward flow of life. Yet if we seek in the massive pile of broken creeds and dead philosophies, if we search far beneath the ruins of shattered schools of knowledge and destroyed systems of religion, we find that time is powerless to shake the

deeper nature of man, and however changed may be their temporal expression, the great instincts of the race are from everlasting to everlasting. From soul to soul, and age to age, there runs one grand connecting thread of human hope and human will and human stirring toward the light.

Forward is the world's great cry, and forward men are pressing on, yet strange deep truth, our every thought, springs from the stretch of life behind. In ages past our future was made, in life far distant our present was born, for one age springs from a thousand ages and inherits a form from each, and what gratitude does the present give for this rich, wide heritage from the past? 'Tis a strange world worship of the dead, for creeds may change and religions fail, but humanity kneels at the shrine of its dead. For men must love, and love must live, so in the temple that is built in the lives of men they give to the dead even a holier love than was given in life to them. For when souls have passed there's a strange sweet light that falls o'er the shadows of sin and we, looking backward, see the lives of men wrapped in strange new garments of loveliness. Across the distance of the passing years all the rough edges are smoothed away, and time, with her softening, soothing hand, carves out of the past her own ideal, then leads mankind to the mystic shrine and bids them kneel and love. And as men must love and love must live, we cling to the dead by worshipping them.

In our daily life we may struggle and fall, struggle and rise again, but the faltering feet of men must pass on through the echoing temple of life. As they pass through the halls of this temple of life, they will find every shrine has its worshiper, for some kneel before the image of love, some offer up life on the altar of hope, pride, ambition, or fame. But there's one holy priest in the temple of life whose summons to wor-

ship never falls unheard, and men and nations and ages have all to kneel at the shrine he tends. This wonderful priest is memory, and the shrine he tends is the shrine of the dead, and whether his signal to kneel is heard in the first warm flush of youth's battle with life, or strikes on the sterner manhood's heart, or falls with a tenderer call on the tattered soul of three score years, it is ever the same, all turn aside to worship the glorious dead.

And throughout the South has the priest's choice run, the great High Priest of the world's past life, calling not only our land but the world; so heart to heart, and soul to soul, we are gathered today at the sacred shrine of the South to worship her dead. We daughters belong to a sacred band that would teach this worship to all mankind, for the South's great wonderful past must be known, and loved and worshiped in the assemblage of future ages.

We stand on the narrow ledge that divides the past from the future years. Our hands clasp each, and our life and work form the link of the unbroken years. And as we stand on this vantage ground, if we cling to the larger, fuller hope, when our hearts reach out in the future years to gather the dreams to be realized, there are rare sweet moments which bring to us the union of a thousand future years, all kneeling in love and reverence and whispering through the hearts and lives of their own great men, the worship of our dead. This is the vision that thrills our work, the faith that the future shall noble be, and grander and more heroic in life as the great broad work of the religion we give the worship of a noble dead. And if we turn to the darkening past, from which all our inspiration is drawn, there's a faint sweet strain that floats up to us and thrills every hope and prayer. Now our hearts beat fast, for the martial strain sweeps over the years with a

cheering ring; then the music softens and leaves our hearts vibrating to a song that is ended in tears.

Again we look toward the years behind, and we see a land fair and happy in peace; but the picture changes, the shadows fall, the air is darkened with strife and death; the flowers shrink from the stain of blood, and perishing heroes have not availed for the land that is dreary and desolate.

Yet again, if we look in the nearer years, there appears a band of devoted lives that would care for the living and care for the dead of the South's great men who dared.

And the name of the song, and the land, and the band is the name that we all must love so well, the name that is a symbol for the grandest life, the name that will cause the world to kneel, the name that will flash throughout the ages to come with a light that is holy and clear. And as we are one in our love for the dead and one in our work for the future years for Dixie, the song and the land and the band give you the heartiest welcoming hand and the happiest greeting to all.

The Work of the South in Politics.

[MISS NELL COCHRAN.]

It has long been an established fact that as a man's environments are, so is the man himself. This is true, not only of a single man, but of nations as well.

The conditions which surround the North and South being so radically different, it follows, as a law of nature, that they should differ. The tendency of the Northerner has always been to gather in towns and villages with his village moots, while the inclination of the Southerner was to live apart from the world on his own plantation, with his broad fertile fields spread out around him, surrounded by his own

family and his slaves. The North with her cold climate had no use for the slave; while the South with her warm, genial climate, her cotton and tobacco fields, found that slaves were just what she needed.

The adoption of the Constitution, the definite form of government for both sections, would naturally be the occasion for promoting and bringing to light these diversities. Immediately following the adoption of the Constitution, we see the conservative tendency of the Southerner shown in the doctrine of States Rights which they defended so strongly.

The South believed that each state government should have all the powers and privileges of the general government; the North, on the other hand, held that the power should be centralized in the general government and that the power of the individual states should be limited. Either of these opinions were lawful, as the Constitution left the question of slavery and States Rights undecided. But the principal man that formed the Constitution were from that portion of the country in favor of States Rights.

The South came into power with the adoption of the Constitution and furnished the first Chief Magistrate for the United States. In the South, country life preserved its aristocratic forms, and from this portion of the country came some of the most eminent statesmen of the period immediately following the Revolution, Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Madison and Patrick Henry. At this time, the South was also the richest as well as the most populous section of the country. During Washington's first administration, party spirit did not run high; the parties were then in process of formation. The antagonism of Jefferson and Hamilton was growing; Jefferson was laying deep the foundation of true Democracy.

During this administration, France set up a republic and expected the United States to come to her assistance, as she had helped them. Washington's calm, cool mind saw that it was best to remain neutral and avoid trouble. The French Minister came over and enlisted soldiers anyhow. Washington recalled them, thus we see that by the wisdom and firmness of a Southern President, another struggle was avoided. A struggle in which if the United States had taken part in its weakness and youth, might have made it instead of the rich proud nation it is today, a colony of a foreign power; or at least not so prominent and powerful as to-day.

During Adams' administration, we see the South coming to the front and bitterly denouncing the Sedition Act. This Act provided that those who should unlawfully combine or conspire against the government, or should utter anything false or malicious against it, should be imprisoned and fined. This was in direct violation of the first Amendment to the Constitution, which states clearly that Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press. The opposition to this in the South was taken up by Jefferson and Madison. They saw that the Northerners or Federalists were longing to set up a kingdom and that these laws were steps that would lead up to it. Jefferson said that he believed these were experiments on the American mind to see if it would bear violation to the Constitution. If this were true, then another act of the same kind would follow, making Adams President for life. The succession in his family would be established, and finally the very members of the Senate would hold office for life. The Virginia and Kentucky legislatures offered resolutions against this Act. The former were drawn up by Madison, the latter, by Jefferson. Although the Sedition Act was not repealed, but being temporary, expired by its own legislation, yet there is no ques-

tion but that the action of Jefferson and Madison had great force. Their opposition no doubt prevented its becoming a precedent for other laws.

The purchase of Louisiana set up the principles that Congress may violate the Constitution if the mass of the voters approve. Jefferson labored for a long time to make the purchase constitutional. The South favored it; the North opposed it, since it destroyed the balance of power between the North and South. It stirred up the Federal press of New England to clamor for a separation of the States. The vast extent of the South, the richness of the soil, the mildness of the climate, the ruling place they held in politics, led to the belief that it would at no distant day outstrip the North. Jefferson's most lasting work as Chief Magistrate was his diplomacy in purchasing for the Union the boundless territory beyond the Mississippi and the free navigation of that river. Although it originated many of the most perplexing questions which have agitated national politics, as those relating to slavery in this territory, and acquisitions from Mexico, all these have been amply compensated by the above, and countless other benefits.

The one great error of Jefferson's administration was the Embargo Act. The Southerners recalling how Great Britain had searched our ships, impressed our seamen, killed our citizens, and insulted our towns, said that England would feel the loss of naval stores and supplies and that France and Spain would also suffer. The Northerners said that it was a blow aimed at the commerce of New England. The South at first upheld this, but now, when she came to suffer, was opposed to it. This showed a spirit of selfishness on the part of the South, equaled only by the action of the North, when they wished to give up the Mississippi river for twenty-five years in order to obtain a treaty with Spain.

When England oppressed the Americans so unjustly, and

asserted her rights to search American ships, the North was opposed to going to war for redress; the South was in favor of it. The instinct of honor and self-preservation should unite citizens to arms for their country alike, when once the resolve is taken. Not thus, however, was the North prepared to reason. Pride, prejudice, inflexibility of temper, disappointed ambition, and the determination of State lines kept the North away. The New England partisans set their faces like flint against the preparations. The New England Federalists bitterly lamented the advance of democracy and Jeffersonian principles. Although by this war, neither the United States nor England gained anything, yet the effect of the war was to vindicate our equality and independence among the nations of the world. It gave to us a position of dignity. It was a wholesome agent in promoting national unity, in developing patriotism and courage, and quieted for many years sectional discord.

Madison's administration was now slowly coming to an end; it had been an eventful one, full of strange vicissitudes, but joy came at last, and long tribulation brought a welcome peace, more secure than America had known for seventy years. The South was now steadily gaining ground, and once more a Southern President, James Monroe, of Virginia, was elected. He was the bosom friend of Madison and Jefferson, and the last of the famous Virginia line.

Now springs up the question which has agitated so much the North and the South, the Tariff question, which has been the "bone of contention" for over seventy-five years, and to-day is the leading question of American politics. The North was, and is, in favor of a high protective tariff to encourage home manufactures. She would impoverish the South in order that she herself might grow rich. The south although strongly opposed to the tariff cared not so much

to convert the North, as to be let alone. Manufactures, modern and material progress did not interest them. They believed that protection, as now put forward, meant hanging a sword over their section. They said that manufactures had protection enough already, that it was time to look out for the farmers and shippers. Our conditions are not those of Great Britain, burdened with an overplus of population her people must manufacture or emigrate; but we have no surplus population to provide for. With vast and limited stretches of vacant lands, there is a livelihood for every man who will till the soil. The North said manufactures were a great expense, and that in case of war, she must be helped. But when the war did come, of what benefit to the South were the manufactures of the North? Still the quarrel goes on, still the North clamors for protection for the "infant industries," despite the fact that the industries of the United States excel those of any other country. This is only a pretense to screen her selfishness.

The interests of the North and South have been gradually diverging. The number of states admitted previous to this time, had balanced each other, slave and free, but now Missouri was to be admitted, and the question arose whether she should be slave or free. The South saw that she would lose her majority in the Senate without the admission of more slave states. Again she brings forward her doctrine of States Rights, and says that Congress has no right to interfere, but that the individual states should decide for themselves. The struggle raged for a long time, until through the efforts of Henry Clay, the Missouri Compromise was introduced. This fixed by law the division of the country into a free North and a slave holding South. The Southern leaders of the day were chivalrous and honorable, but the terms of the Compromise they preferred to offer themselves. It had

Northern basis of origin, but was amended, as has been said, by a Southerner.

Adams, the next President, began to recommend appropriations for internal improvement. The North was divided upon the extension of implied constitutional power. The South, always opposed to strengthening the general government, believes that the narrow or strict view of the constitution was more favorable to its interests.

The tariff had become more and more objectionable to the South, particularly South Carolina. She accordingly took the law in her own hands, and through the instrumentality of John C. Calhoun, declared the Tariff Law "null and void." The South has long been abused for her Nullification Act, yet she has a Northern precedent. In the Hartford Convention of 1814, we find the following measures adopted: "In cases of deliberate, dangerous and palpable infractions of the Constitution, affecting the Sovereignty of a State and liberties of the people, it is not only the right, but the duty of that State to interpose for its protection in the manner best calculated to secure that end." This is the whole doctrine of Nullification, the abuse of which South Carolina has so long borne. Affairs were becoming desperate when Henry Clay, "the Great Pacificator," again took matters in his hands, and offered a compromise, which effected nothing. Clay failed to understand that there was something more potent than mere discontent with the tariff at the bottom of the trouble—the necessities of slavery—and that this compromise could only adjourn the coming crisis. The South being in the minority, having a peculiar institution, African slavery, and schooled from the beginning in the States Rights theory, naturally tended to conservatism in politics, to making much of protective guarantees and to holding the general government within the limits of the Constitution.

Slavery had been recognized as a basis of representation, and by a mandate for the delivery of fugitives in the written compact of compromises, called the Constitution. The South still holding to the constitutionality of slavery, saw that she was again losing ground in the Senate. To recover this, she thought to enlarge her territory by the annexation of Texas. With this end in view, a large number of Southerners emigrated to Texas and fought for her independence. Of the fifty-seven signers of the Declaration of Independence of Texas, fifty were from the Southern States and only three were native Mexicans. After having gained her independence, the next thing was to gain her admission into the Union. A treaty of annexation was arranged, but was rejected by the Senate. The South then determined to make annexation the touch-stone of the next Presidential election, and James K. Polk received the nomination. Jackson, the President at the time, was a true Southerner, but as a defender of the Union, he ment to keep slavery and freedom in equilibrium. When the Abolitionists raised their war-cry, he threw up the breast works to protect slave-holders. This was the annexation of Texas. By a clever ruse of his, only the day before the close of his official term, he sent to the Senate his nomination of a Texas minister. In this the Senate concurred, and Texas was recognized as an independent State. Texas was the last slave State admitted, and she is the only truly independent State which has ever entered the Union. No others, not even the original thirteen, have ever exercised the power of making treaties and sending ambassadors, or making war.

This, however, is the last great triumph of the South. With the administration of Polk, it begins gradually to lose power. The old political leaders are dying out, and new ones are taking their places. John C. Calhoun died in 1850,

two years latter, and the other two of the "immortal trio" have joined him.

The question of slavery in Northern territory is again brought up. The admission of Kansas and Nebraska gave rise to a long political discussion, which at last resulted in the Kansas and Nebraska Bill. This was introduced by a Northern man, Stephens A. Douglass. It left the question of slavery to the people of the two States, as the majority might decide. This was a repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and was the beginning of the end—the fatal step of the South on the road to destruction. Assaid above, the South did not initiate this Kansas and Nebraska iniquity, but unwisely in her greed for gain, accepted what Northern recreancy had proffered. The result was the bloody outrages that occurred in these States. In these scenes of strife were trained the incendiaries, who afterwards invaded Virginia, under John Brown—that movement which finally culminated in a disruption of the Union.

"It was not the passage of the personal liberty laws, not the circulation of incendiary documents, not the raid of John Brown, not the operation of the unjust and unequal Tariff Laws that constituted the intolerable grievances; but it was the systematic and persistent struggle to deprive the Southern States of equality in the Union that led to the Secession movement." Slavery was the incitement which developed widely divergent fundamental differences as to the character and function of the General Government, rather than the cause of Secession. Jefferson Davis says: "What resource or justice, what assurance of tranquility, what guarantee of safety now remained for the South? No alternative remained except to seek security out of the Union which they had in vain tried to obtain in it." During the whole period the South was undergoing these injustices it remained

intensely loyal to the Union. The strong defense of the Constitution, the resistance to encroachments upon it, were the only means for the preservation and perpetuity of the Union. What the South has held is that the best preservative of the Union is a faithful adherence to the Constitution, and that to vest in Congress, in the President and in the Supreme Court, the right of determining finally and exclusively the extent of the powers delegated to the Government, is incompatible with the integrity and rights of the States and the limitations of the Constitution. When it appeared to the South that there was utter hopelessness in any effort to conserve the Constitution and the equality of the States, or to have them recognized in the administration of Federal affairs, the sole alternative was submission to or acquiescence in the Revolution which had been wrought, or an effort to secure the benefits of the Government as originally constituted. The Southern States therefore, quit the Union to check centralization, to save the principles of the Constitution, and to restore Government of earlier days.

Under the circumstances, the war was inevitable. The men who denounced Jefferson Davis and the Southern Leaders as conspirators against the Union and traitors to the Government, do not realize that they are exactly the same kind of traitors, which George Washington, the Adamses and Hancock would have been if Great Britain had been as successful in subjugating the Colonies to her despotic principles, as the Northern States were, in subjecting the Southern States to these same principles.

The people of the South have surrendered in the war what the war has conquered. It has silenced forever the question of Slavery, this will never again agitate American Politics, the doctrine of Secession was extinguished, yet there is still something left them. They cannot be expected to give up

what was not involved in the war, and voluntarily abandon their political schools for the dogma upheld by the conquering party. All is not lost, a great struggle for Constitutional Liberty yet remains, and there are still missions of duty and glory for the South. The last remarks of President Davis, when a fugitive, and before the doors of a prison closed upon him, were; "The principles for which we contended is bound to re-assert itself, though it may be at another time and in another form." Just when this time will come, if come it will, no one can predict. But no one can deny that the South is rapidly gaining the position which she formerly held.

Tenting on the Old Camp-ground.

[BY MISS MINNIE EDWARDS RUSSELL.]

[Occasionally in the Dixie Chapter the usual exercises are varied by a special programme prepared by the President. One of these was entitled "Around the Camp Fire." The following paper was the introduction to the "Tales that were Told," as it was essential in carrying out the spirit of the occasion that some historic spot be selected for the Camping Ground.]

No more suitable spot could be found than the place where we pitch our camp tonight. Yonder runs the Rapidan River in the distance, and these wooded heights will light the camp fires nobly.

Tread lightly, speak softly, for this historic ground is bedewed with the sacred blood of the martyred heroes of our Lost Cause. Over at Chancellorsville, five or six miles to the east. Stonewall Jackson yielded his life for the South. Down there at Germania Ford, Grant, with over a hundred

thousand men at his back, stole across the river at night, thinking to take our gallant Lee by surprise, and cut his army off from Richmond. But vigilant scouts notified him that the enemy had crossed on pontoons, in the night of March 5, 1864. Grant's road to Richmond lay just over the way, running by Spottsylvania C. H., and he was nearer to Richmond than Lee's army stood. Across to the west of us, from their camp at Gordonsville, came the Confederates. This road, nearest our camping-ground, is the old "Stone Turnpike," while just a few miles to the south is the "Plank Road," both running parallel to Fredericksburg, and both intersecting Grant's road to Richmond, while right over yonder is where the Stone Turnpike crosses it at the "Old Wilderness Tavern." Knowing his weakness and the enemy's strength, Lee determined to go across the country at this point and meet the foe in the Wilderness, where the artillery would be of little use, except on the roads, and his massive columns could move but slowly through the dense thickets. So for two days they fought in these pathless woods. Ewell's corps came up by this Stone Turnpike, Hill's and Longstreet's by the Plank Roads, while Early's and Johnson's divisions were well to the front. Through these woods the gallant soldiers dashed. There Heth and Wilcox, of Hill's division, with 15,000 men, defeated five divisions of the enemy, numbering 45,000.

Then Burnside's, with his famous 9th corps, drove our boys back, Hill and Wilcox, having suffered severely, were retreating, when at this crisis, Gen. Lee dashed in among the fugitives, calling on the men to rally and follow him. They begged him to go to the rear, promising that they would set things straight. Now came two fresh divisions of Hill's corps, Gen. Anderson commanding, and three more under

Gen. Longstreet. They gallantly advanced and the enemy was completely routed. While they were pursuing the enemy in turn, with Gen. Jenkins' brigade at the head, a body of Confederates in the woods mistook them for Union soldiers and fired on them, severely wounding Gen. Longstreet and killing Gen. Micah Jenkins, of South Carolina.

The wind softly sighs through the tree tops a sad requiem to the dead, in that he died so young! Six days later Gen. Edward Johnson was captured. The enemy had made a heavy attack on Ewell's front and broke the line of Johnson's division. Gen. Rodes sent out a call for more troops. Lee sent Col. Venable to bring Harris's Mississippi Brigade. Lee met them as they came at the double-quick and rode at the head of the brigade until under fire, when a round shot passed so near him that the Mississippians begged him to go back. Then he said, "If you will promise me to drive these people from our works I will go back." The brigade shouted the promise, which they faithfully kept. Venable says of them: "Never did a brigade go into fiercer battle under greater trials; never did a brigade do its duty more nobly."

A few days before Phil. Sheridan was sent with his superb force of cavalry to ride around the Confederate lines, destroying bridges and tearing up railroads. The gallant J. E. B. Stuart met him eight miles from Richmond with a very inferior force, and there at Yellow Tavern the brave Confederate hero was mortally wounded.

Often when the line was lagging weary and worn with marching, sometimes in the driving rain or chilling snow, his musical voice could be heard cheering the hearts of the tired soldiers. But no more will the sweet strains of his favorite songs, "Lorena", "Life On The Ocean Wave", or "Her Bright Smile Haunts Me Still", be heard on the march or around the camp fire. The tidal wave of death which started

at Chancellorsville, near the Wilderness, May, 1863, rolled on until it overtook him too and overwhelmed the most gallant cavalry leader of the Confederacy.

O, fatal Wilderness! Jackson, Jenkins, Stuart, almost in bugle call of each other, they "passed over the river."

So here again we pitch our camp on this historic ground. Night's sombre curtains have wrapped the world in their shadowy folds. The low evening wind bears in musical numbers its sweet symphony to the listening ear. High overhead the stars are just beginning to swing out their pale lanterns in the overarching dome. Here and there against the fitful shadows, gleams the witching glow of dancing fire-light that flickers over the sylvan scene, and the stately pines stand out like tall, dark sentinels to guard our slumbers. A distant murmur comes over the water and almost we can hear again the tramp, tramp of marching armies up this old Stone Turnpike. So where the tents gleam whitely on their dark background, we will gather closer to the dying embers and hear the tales that are told of the heroes of old in the days gone by as we sit "Around the Camp Fire" once more.

Dickett's Charge.

[ELEANOR FREY COCHRAN.]

[HISTORIAN OF THE DIXIE CHAPTER, U. D. C.]

There is in the universal life no moment of rest, no possible pause, no motionless existence.

Backward or forward, we must hurry on, upward or downward, the struggle must be an everlasting motion. Action is the one all-compelling law of life, for where there is

life there can be no rest. If we search the truths of the scientific world we find that the harmony of the heavens is secured only by the millions of stars being driven on, on in their everlasting motion: no rest, no pause is in the universe of worlds.

Again, from the lowest stage of unconscious life to the highest manifestation of self-conscious, willing existence, the penalty of life is restlessness, change, development. The blade of grass *must* grow or die; the souls of men *must* develop or shrivel up, for in all the universe there is no standstill except in dead matter, and where growth ends there death begins.

This law of change is the secret of the rise and fall of nations. One principle will take hold of the people, grow, develop, and rule them until the growth ends. Then the dead principle is pushed aside by one that holds within itself vital energy. Yet, the question naturally arises, what would result if, in a newly born nation, two elements should spring into life and develop side by side? Inevitably there will be but one result—fierce, uncompromising struggle between the two until one surrenders. This, as Mr. Wendling has so strongly argued, was the deep-seated cause of our Civil War.

Against each other in blazing contrast were the principles of Puritanism and Cavalierism, and the Civil War was but the clashing of the irreconcilable elements struggling for the mastery of the Nation's Spirit. The fortune of War had wavered, and it seemed now the Cavalier, now the Puritan, would go down in the struggle.

As the two forces meet on the field of Gettysburg, each realizes that it is a crisis time, for a Southern victory will undoubtedly end the war.

Each army is carried away with the certainty of victory and as the battle opens, each rushes into it without the slightest doubt of winning. No fairer scene could be conceived

than that Pennsylvania country on that glorious summer morning. Away to the west is the wavering blue line of the range of the South Mountain. Across the fields of ripened grain the summer breeze sends wave after wave of rippling gold. Here there are rolling fields of grass and, as if to soften down the riotous profusion of color appears patches of woodland, and over all is a softening mist through which the sun sends fiery sparkles, and blazes the sky from rim to rim with the thrilling glory of the rainbow. For whom will the battle fulfill the promise held in the rainbow?

Such was the first morning of Gettysburg, yet, after two days of fighting the shadows of night fall with the issue undecided. Neither side has failed, neither has succeeded, yet the cold, pale moon has never risen upon a ghastlier scene.

Thousands have fought nobly and well, and now, with their faces upturned to the pitying stars, they lie down to take their last deep sleep and rest. The breeze in its dirge for the countless dead shrinks frightened from the blood-stained grain, the fields of green are now drenched in blood, and across the plain in the chill night breeze there passes a terrible whisper, "Death." Across the sky just the day before, the rainbow stretches in its arch of hope. Tonight on the earth has the hand of War writ ten thousand names in its letters of blood.

And yet in the weird hours of the night, Robert Lee with his principal officers, determines to renew the attack next day. Verily, the fighting will of the Southerner is worthy of his Cavalier fathers. Let the puritan look well to his defenses.

The key of the whole situation is Cemetery Hill, which is held by the Federal center. If, by a determined rush, this point can be wrested, the Federal line will be pierced, and from this high commanding point Gen. Meade's guns can be

turned upon each wing of his own army stretched below and his defeat thus become inevitable.

For this arduous undertaking the fresh troops of Pickett's Virginians are selected with Heth's N. C. division, under Gen. Pettigrew, to serve as protection to Pickett's left, and a brigade of Hill's, under Gen. Wilcox, to cover his right.

About an hour past noon, the Confederate forces posted on Seminary Ridge, open up a thundering artillery fire. Gen. Hancock said: "This artillery fire was the most terrific cannonade I ever witnessed and the most prolonged. It was a most terrific and appalling cannonade, one possibly never paralleled in the world's history of war."

For two hours the frightful hurly burly continues, the thunder of the 225th artillery guns doubled and trebled in echoes thrown back from the two ridges in roar after roar of thunder.

By this time the charging column has been drawn up on the west side of Seminary Ridge, opposite the Federal force behind the strong breastworks on the more elevated Cemetery Hill. Only a mile stretches between the opposing ridges and, as those 12,000 men begin their march across this open field, a great, instructive silence falls upon the two watching armies. In its ominous forward march, the advancing column is an incarnation of human will and determination.

In consternation the enemy watches the division marching toward their almost impregnable position, with battle flags flying, bayonets flashing in the sunlight, and an air of quiet determination that displays no agitation, no hurry, no possible thought of being checked. When they have reached the midway point, a terrific fire is poured down upon them, but, with the same air of quiet determination, the men close up the gaping ranks and march on in perfect order. Such soldiery under such galling fire, has rarely been displayed,

as, without even a momentary confusion, without displaying any desire to return the fire, in the same threatening silence, they march on toward the slope. When, within a few hundred yards of the hill, they are met by a sudden rapid common fire and as shot and shell from nearly 50 artillery pieces sweep the line, the right is thrown into some disorder.

At once, however, the confusion disappears and these wonderful, calm, determined men again close up and march on in silence.

At last they have gained the foot of the hill. The crisis moment is reached. As the enemy's breastworks frown down upon them from the slope, the common time step has changed to quick time, then to double quick, and now, with one wild rush, they charge up the slope toward the breastworks.

A perfect storm of shot and shell now bursts upon them, and in their faces hell seems to be pouring all its powers of death. Pettigrew's line gives way in confusion, the other supports have not kept up, so Pickett's division stands alone in the wild tempest beating upon them.

From the Confederate line a heavy volley now bursts forth in answer to the Federal fire, and then, with wild cheers, they make a dash at the very breastworks. In spite of the galling fire poured upon them they reach, storm and capture them at the point of the bayonet. The dash has brought such frightful loss that the Virginians are now merely a handful. The enemy has partially retreated, but only to take up position behind a stronger line of breastworks, about 60 yards off. Behind these breastworks the Federal reserve force is drawn up four deep in line bristling with bayonets and glaring with the mouths of cannon. Not once, however, do the Virginians falter; not once does that glorious determination waver. Across the short space they dash

again, but only to be met by a fire, not only blazing full in their faces, but also pouring furiously on each flank.

Headlong they rush with a ringing cheer,
Though the jaws of death gape wide;
On, on they dash toward the mouth of hell,
In their scornful Southern pride.

But the wild, grand charge the Virginians made,
Was the last convulsive throe
Of the bloody fray, for the ranks sink down,
Like the leaves when the north winds blow.

Till East is West and West is East,
The banner they bore is furled;
But the Southern cheer of that glorious charge
Has gone ringing around the world.

The last great hope of the battle field,
The daring charge was vain;
And the sun now shines to blood red hues,
As it sinks, sinks o'er the last hope slain.

Yet the years have proved that the first day's sign,
The rain bow stretched above,
Held for us the promise of larger life,
And the broader faith of love.

For neither the cavalier has won,
Nor the Puritan creed so strong;
But from the mingled blood and heart and brain,
Was the new America born.

A Comparison of American Slavery with that of Greece and Rome.

[BY MISS MAY RUSSELL.]

Slavery originated in the power of the strong over the weak. Man, in the infancy of society, uses his physical power according to his own pleasure. In the case of his wife and children, natural affection restrain him in a great measure. But there was another class of dependents toward whom his conduct was not restrained—his slaves. In every age and country, until times comparatively recent, personal servitude, appears to have been the lot of a large, perhaps of the greater, portion of mankind. An account of the various forms of slavery in different nations would be highly interesting, but would far exceed our limits. The Romans, in their primitive settlements, were accustomed to the notion of slavery, incurred not only by captivity but also by crimes, by debt and especially by loss in gaming. In case of famine, and they were not infrequent, many persons were often compelled to exchange their liberty for bread, and oftentimes these slaves were far better educated than the master and superior to him in many ways, and while there was often friendship between them, the bitterness of the condition was keenly felt. This class of slaves was always proud, and when he followed his captor, captive in reality, yet before the world, the law and custom was a mere chattel, how fierce must have been his hunger and thirst for freedom. So different from American slaves! For in the earliest records of the human race, in the monuments of Egypt and Syria, the negro is depicted as a slave bearing burdens; after tens of

centuries he is still a menial. Four thousand years have not served to whiten the pigments of the frame nor develop to a great extent the forces of his intellect. The legal condition of the Roman slaves was extremely abject. They were considered as chattels on a par with cattle. No protection was afforded his limbs, or his life, against the avarice, or rage of a master. Nay, worse; the female had no defence for her virtue and her honor. Instances have occurred where the young female convert to Christianity was punished by being exposed to public and legalized insults; the most odious to female purity. A remnant of the abuse forms the plot of Shakespeare's play, "Pericles." No marriage could take place among slaves; they had no property; they could make no valid compact; they could hardly give testimony except in the rack. The ties of affection and blood were disregarded. In the eye of the law a slave was nobody. One of the cruellest and most unjust laws with the Romans was this. If a master was killed, all the slaves under the same roof, or near enough to hear his cry, were put to death. This unlimited power of the master over his slaves was not abolished until the time of the Antonines in the second century. In America the slaves were considered as property and not allowed legal rights, but in very few instances do we ever find that a master made such use of his power. This fact is shown by the love that existed between master and slave.

The manner in which the laborers on a Roman plantation were treated resembled our modern state prison discipline. They were sent out by day to labor in chains and at night were locked up in prison cells. The refractory were confined in subterranean dungeons. The sick among these laborers were often exposed and left to die. What a contrast between this and the way the slaves on our Southern plantations

were treated. They were required to labor but not cumbered with chains and, after a hard day's work, they repaired to comfortable quarters where plenty of nourishing food awaited them. While those who were sick were tenderly cared for and oftentimes administered to by the hand of the mistress herself.

The Roman methods of enforcing industry were very much like the American. The hand, the lash, the rod were the readiest instruments. Domestic slaves, for the slightest act of disobedience, were sent to various workshops established on purpose to tame the unmanageable. Here, a fork, something like a yoke, was placed around the neck, then they were chained and placed in stocks. Every expedient that human cruelty could devise was employed to insure the industry and docility of the wretched slave. The ladies of fashion all had their maids, and how dreadfully these tirewomen suffered for every unbecoming curl. Such treatment as this would often cause the Roman slave to run away, as did our American slave, but how unlike the punishment in each case. In America, if a runaway was re-taken, he was punished severely with the lash, but a Roman was branded, crucified, or punished by the loss of a limb. Sometimes they were compelled to fight a beast or sold for a gladiator.

If we examine the avocations of the Roman slaves, we shall find that, owing to their intellectual superiority, they differ materially from those of America. The slaves of Rome occupied every conceivable station, from superintending and enjoying the rich man's villa, to the lowest office of menial labor. Nor was it unusual to teach slaves the art. Virgil made one of his a poet, and Horace, himself, was the son of an emancipated slave.

But enough of slaves in Rome. It is well known that all her industry and prosperity were crushed and cursed by slavery.

"Rome has perished—write the word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perished, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt."

So we will not dwell upon the results arising, but leave Rome alone and take a glimpse into life among the Greek slaves.

Slavery originated in Greece, as in Rome, from captives of war. It was unknown during the Pelasgian epoch, but in the heroic age it became an object of luxury but not of social or economical necessity. Most of the wars and expeditions during this age were made for the purpose of kidnapping men and women to sell in exchange with the Phœnicians for various luxuries. Such was the origin of slavery at the time when history throws its first rays on the Grecian world. Quite different is its origin in America. The evil of slavery, if I may term it as such, was entailed on the United States by the measures of the mother country during the period of colonial dependence.

The colonies made repeated efforts to prevent the importation of slaves into this country, but could not obtain the consent of the English government. And so they were brought to us not captives of war nor intelligent beings, but almost savages and, according to Booker Washington, they are the only race that were invited to a country, and it would be rude for them to leave. It is hard for us, with our conceptions, to enter into the conditions and treatment of slaves in ancient Greece. They were considered there, as in Rome, mere chattels. The most humane philosophers did not make the least objection to slavery, though they sometimes objected to Greeks being slaves, thinking that Barba-

rians only that is all who were not Greeks should be so degraded. Aristotle, one of the most powerful minds of antiquity, said: "To the Greeks belong dominion over the Barbarians, because the former have the understanding requisite to rule, the latter the body only to obey." He called the slave a living instrument, as the instrument is an inanimate slave. The serfs, slaves attached to the land, could not be sold out of the country. They had a hard, bitter life. Their hatred of their tyrannical masters, showing itself in numerous insurrections. The condition of the Helots was in many respects similar to that of the serfs. They could not be sold beyond the borders of the State. They lived in villages which were once their own property. Their fate was altogether within the law, whereas other domestic slaves in Greece, like those in America, depended upon the arbitrary will of an individual. They served in the army and fought great battles. The Americans could not entrust their slaves with arms and drill them in military companies. As a race they were too cowardly and wholly incapable of such confidence.

In Athens slaves were treated with considerable mildness, though they were always liable to torture in case their evidence was required. It was common for the accused to offer his slaves' evidence if he was suspected of concealing any facts, which they knew, and these slaves were never believed without torture. Again, the respectable and pious Nicias, living in his comfortable home in Athens, let slaves out by thousands to be worked in the Lavinian silver mines, where the poisonous smoke and the hardships were such that half the price of the slaves was paid yearly by the contractor who hired them—in other words, if he lived three years Nicias received one and a half times the value of his slave. A Southern planter and master of similar character, guilty of such

inhuman conduct, would not have been considered very respectable and by no means pious. But when we compare the relations existing between master and slave in America, and that same relation as it existed in all other ages and in all other countries, especially Greece and Rome, there is simply no comparison. There was a tenderness about the tie existing between the master and his servant in the old slavery days that has never existed anywhere in the world before. It was close akin to that between a guardian and his ward. It produced the highest type and purest flower of civilization the world has ever seen, both in the black and white races. The Southern soldier and statesman has never had a superior, perhaps not an equal, and this civilization that they imparted to the African is not possessed by any other portion of that race the world over. The proof of this tender tie is seen in the events of the civil war. No higher proof of it can be offered than the loyalty and devotion with which the negroes cared for the families left at home without a protector during that awful struggle. They watched over them by day and guarded them by night, and the almost dog-like docility with which they followed their masters to the tented field, and oftentimes bore their mangled and bleeding bodies from the battle ground, is both touching and beautiful. Nothing like it was ever seen before, and its like will not be seen again, for it has been withered and blasted by the storm of civil war.

History can show no instances of such prolonged and cold-blooded cruelty as is presented in the nefarious slave trade of Greece and Rome, and yet in no country did it reap such rich fruits as in Greece. It cannot be denied that it had much to do with the development of Greek genius by giving it absolute leisure to live above sordid cares. Had we had such a

climate as Greece, such health as the Greeks, we, too, might have been more intellectual and literary by reason of slavery, whereas, I believe our energies lagged, and many of our young people lived do-less-lives.

Slavery in America, whatever its demerits, was not in its time the unmitigated evil it is fancied to have been. Nothing in Grecian or Roman slavery is like it, and it stands out in the dark pages of the history of slavery the one bright unique spot, and it is the everlasting glory of the Southern master that he took a savage from the jungle and made a civilized man out of him. It served another great purpose to the negro; it compelled him to labor and oftentimes learn a trade, such as blacksmithing, shoemaking, etc.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, the famous educator, considers the period of American slavery as one of the great periods in the history of motor education.

Labor, even tho' it be unwilling, is a thousand times better than indolence. The material world does much for the mind by its beauty and order; but it does more for our minds by the pains it inflicts. The time of slavery in America has passed and no power could compel the South to have it back. But to the negro it was salvation, while to the Greeks and Romans it was misery and oftentimes death. It found the negro uncivilized, and in two hundred years gave seven millions of his race a civilization—the only civilization it has had since the dawn of history.

One May Day.

[BY MRS. B. F. MAULDIN.]

May day in my childhood seems to have been always bright and warm.

The roses, syringa and crab apple blossoms never failed to bloom in time for our festivals. We would make wreaths and garlands of them with which to deck our white swiss dresses, etc., on those gala days, for our schools always had what we called "May parties."

A chosen queen was crowned, and she, with all her subjects and the seasons, the graces, the nymphs, the maids, the fairies, and even some of the goddesses from Olympia, would hold undisputed sway for the time, and "all went merry as a marriage bell." But, one May day stands out in memory in sharp contrast with these—that of 1865—the close of the terrible Civil war!

On this day the several schools, therefore all the young people of town, went picnicing out in the country to different attractive points. I, with a girl friend, deserted our own school and companions for that day and were the guests of another school, by special invitation. I remember how we enjoyed the merry ride out into the country. How pure was the air, how fragrant the flowers, how entrancing was all nature, especially to young unclouded hearts. We were as free and happy as the birds on the wing until about noon, whilst we were eagerly enjoying our picnic dinner, a runner from town brought the startling news, "the Yankees are coming!"—they were even then near the town. Consternation reigned supreme! With what haste, anxiety, and excitement we scattered. There was no order or discipline in

leaving. I can't remember when we were put out or how it was, but I know my friend and I were alone on our way home, almost running every step, when down near our old depot we were all at once in the midst of a company of cavalry riding rapidly, and with mean triumph, into our town. We cowered together, in terror, on one side of the road, expecting to be molested in some way. Our thoughts went to our only valuables, our breast pins and ear rings, thinking we would at least be robbed, but to our surprise and joy they passed on and never noticed us; and we gazed after the great company of Yankee soldiers, the first we had ever seen, with our fears somewhat allayed. We reached our homes, which were adjoining lots, in safety, and were met with open arms by our dear ones. I found my brother just starting out to hunt me, as I was the only one missing from the family circle. My sister and her friend and guest, a fair young lady, had but just arrived from another picnic excursion, and a young gallant, who had escorted them, hid behind our neighbor's fire screen for some time. He did not want to be captured, except by Cupid, and here let me say: He afterwards married the fair lady and they are now prominent and wealthy citizens of Charleston. I found, on reaching home, our beautiful carriage horses being ridden off by horrid, blue coated thieves, and some of the same were in our house demanding of my mother the fire arms. They eagerly took possession of several small silver mounted pistols my father had purchased with a view to teaching each girl how to use them, for defense, if need be. The guns, he and my brother used for hunting, they took and smashed against the chimney outside the house. The wines, etc., in the closet, they poured out on the ground, but, by that time, the door bell rang and an officer appeared, saying, he would send us a guard at once, which he did, and we were in a

measure relieved. They again showed some humanity, when my one-armed brother was ordered to march before them to town to the Court House, and his young bride-wife followed close after him, refusing to go back, when the leader had compassion and said: "Madame, if you will only return, I promise you that your husband shall come back to you unhurt." Not till then would she be separated from him—and the man kept his word.

My father, on the approach of the enemy, had left home with some other leading men to hide in some safe place till danger was past, for news had come that all who had led in the Secession movement would be hung or killed in some way. Imagine our constant anxiety about him for fear he would be found.

Every night for about a week we watched all night, with anxious tortured hearts, for each day news would come to us through our servants and others that our house would be burned down that night, sure. We would feel that each day would be our last in our home. We wore two suits of clothes and put other apparel in pillow cases and gave them to the negroes to keep in their cabins, and sent some to some poorer houses in the neighborhood to keep for us. Our old family servants proved faithful and loyal every time. My mother handed out all valuables to different servants to secrete when the Yankees were coming, and there was no time to think—she just trusted them. Our gardener went off to a marshy place, about a mile distant, and buried our silver, leaving some plated ware for use. Other valuables were hidden in the ash hopper and other obscure places.

We had only one negro, a girl, off the plantation, about 17 years old, to desert. She went away with the raiders, leaving her old parents very much distressed.

Many of our people fared worse than we, by far—they having no guard to check the thieving. Some were visited by brutes, who, to make them deliver up their jewels, would go so far as to threaten, and even attempt, to hang them. One dear old Charleston lady, in one house, and a gentleman, in another, afterwards carried a purple ring around their throats for a time, so roughly had they been thus treated. In one house, just out of town, I had some friends who suffered. The marauders, after taking their valuables, even took their sugar, coffee, etc., and, stripping the pillow cases off the bed, would fill them. Brown sugar and things they did not want they stirred into the ashes in the fire-place. They even rifled the trunks of the dead sons who had died in Confederate service, and rung the heart of the dear old mother by wearing off their sacred uniforms. And at last they kindled a fire in the center of a room and put on it a box of the old lady's caps, among other things, and ordered a negro man, one of their faithful servants, to keep it burning, and thus destroy the building. The servant said nothing, but would quietly trample the starting flames under foot till he had put them out entirely. This is only *one* out of hundreds of like and even worse experiences.

The Confederate treasury, as you all know, was here then in the building which had been the "Johnson Female University," a famous school for women, and which we have recently known as the P. M. I., for men. With hellish delight, they threw to the four winds of heaven, the plate and die that made our Confederate money, and great sheets of bills, yet unstamped, and parchment on which money was stamped, were scattered and strewn all up and down the old hill. Our servants would pick up and bring in to us great rolls of this spotless paper, so that we made it into fine note paper and envelopes, and felt rich in a sense, as the war time stationery

had been coarse and brown and mean, or made out of any thing we could find that would answer the purpose. The dry goods stores were also rifled, the goods thrown into the streets, and the astonished negroes invited to come and help themselves. So they, in a measure, enriched themselves by the spoils of war.

There was a wine cellar owned by an Englishman, *Gurdion*, who was a connoisseur, and his fine wines were *taken* and all they did not want to use they poured out in the street. It seemed then a devilish trick, but I learned afterwards there was wisdom and mercy in it, as the men would have become drunk and beastly indeed in our midst. The war being then practically over they had no right to be on these raids. They were ostensibly hunting Jefferson Davis, but in reality they were pillaging and committing every fiendish depredation they *could* in our poor, dear defeated Southland, and brutally enjoying their unequal victory over us.

Our young men had all been secured promptly and held as prisoners in our Court House for some time. Their leaders were wise in this and in first getting up all our fire arms, or they might have met with the resistance they deserved, altho' the war was over and we in their power. Ere they secured our men there was a group of them standing on our square that excited their suspicion, so they fired into them and killed one of our men, a Charleston youth, who was loved and esteemed and whose people, with crowds of others, had come to us for refuge. When our "city by the sea" was fired on, and became a seat of war, her women and children, and all who could not fight and were able to get away fled, and our up-country towns were filled with them. We opened our hearts and homes to them, and they lived here till the war was over, and some, longer. We learned to know and appreciate each other as we never would have done

otherwise. Our's was a common cause, a common sorrow and a common loss. Friendships and ties were formed that will last through all time, and thus this was one of the blessings in disguise, brought to us even by that awful war.

Stonewall Jackson—The Man of Power.

[BY ELEANOR FREY COCHRAN.]

[HISTORIAN OF THE DIXIE CHAPTER, U. D. C.]

Should the lives of all men be called before the Judgment Bar of the Ages, there would stand out in bold relief as the three great moulding forces in life, the power that man calls circumstance, the power he names heredity, and the power that man calls will. Battling for the possession of man, stand heredity and environment, often hurling their united forces against the power of man's own distinct will.

When man stands out in the full glory of youth and strength to carve out his life, a thousand voices are calling to him from the thoughts and deeds of his fathers, who would still find life in his life. A thousand subtle influences are springing up from the sphere in which he lives, which would fain grow into the character that is to be formed.

Each is trying to gain control over every thought and deed, but 'tis a weak inglorious soul that allows its character and life to be moulded by these two forces. To live the life dictated by heredity or environment, is not to live, but is a mere passive fulfillment of the natural laws of life.

To live, or not to live, is a question for man's own will, and if his life is to stand out in the godliness of self-reliant strength, that divinely given human *will* must grasp the inherited tendencies and the outer circumstances of life with

the grip of a hand of iron, and mould them to a strong true tool, with which to carve out clear lines in life.

Man was made to master, and if we search the pages of life, no stronger example of human will, can be found than Stonewall Jackson as the master of all fate. He himself said, that a man could accomplish whatsoever he willed and if we analyze his life, we find that this was his animating rule of action. Emerson says, that a character is like an acrostic: "Read it forward, backward or across and it always spells the same."

If we spell out the character of Jackson, we find ever this one word, *Power*, or the will that could master fate. If we search for the qualities of the will that made the life of Jackson shine out in the light of a unique and wonderful strength, we find standing out in strong relief that first essential of greatness—self-reliance. Let a man know his own worth, and believe ardently in it and he can put the world under his feet. It is a glorious spectacle to see a man stand out in the majesty of self-reliant strength alone, yet towering far above the men, who fain would mock him, and gradually drawing the world to him with an irresistible power, and binding it to himself with the iron that at first was only his own unwavering self-trust. When Stonewall Jackson was first appointed Colonel of volunteers, men were asking everywhere, "Who is T. J. Jackson?" And when they saw the commonplace looking Colonel, their wondering doubts were deepened to open disbelief in the ability of this so-called victim of good luck. But tingling in the blood of Jackson was an unconquerable self-reliance, and burning in his heart were the words: "A man can accomplish whatsoever he wills." And years and ages are thundering back who T. J. Jackson was.

When a man of strength finds all the world with its ready scorn for him he may scorn the scorner, yet every nerve tingles to prove his worth, and self-reliance inevitably inspires a constant spirit of combatism. As struggle is the secret of universal life, and life has been defined as a search after power we may say that combatism is one of the first essentials in those who would grasp and hold the world. Every line of Jackson's face expresses this spirit of combatism which loved fighting for the pure exultation of struggle; which gloried in the clash of forces, the matching of power to power. The combatism which in the whole round of his life expressed itself in the unswerving determination to adjust his own will to every obstacle and *crush* it, would naturally find a glorious culmination on the scene of a battlefield, and we have no finer illustration of this than Cooke's picture of him at the battle of Cedar Run, when one portion of the field seemed inevitably lost.

"At the moment of disaster and impending ruin, Jackson appeared amid clouds of smoke and his voice was heard rising above the uproar and the thunder of the guns. The man ordinarily so cool, silent and deliberate was now mastered by the genius of battle. In feature, voice and bearing, burned the resolve to conquer or die. Galloping to the front amid the heavy fire directed upon his disordered lines, now rapidly giving away—with his eyes flashing, his face flushed, his voice rising and ringing like a clarion on every ear, he rallied the confused troops and brought them into line. At the same moment the old Stonewall Brigade and Branch's Brigade advanced at double quick and shouting, 'Stonewall Jackson! Stonewall Jackson!' The men poured a galling fire into the Federal lines. The presence of Jackson leading them in person seemed to produce an indescribable influence on the troops, and as he rode to and fro amid the smoke, en-

couraging the men, they greeted him with cheer after cheer.

This was one of the few occasions when he is reported to have been mastered by excitement. He had forgotten, apparently, that he commanded the whole field, and imagined himself a simple colonel leading his regiment. Everywhere in the thickest of the fire his form was seen and his voice heard, and his exertions to rally the men were crowned with glorious success.

The Federal advance was checked. The repulsed troops re-formed and led once more into action, and with Jackson in front, the troops swept forward and re-established their lines upon the ground from which they had been driven.

Those who saw Jackson when he thus galloped to the front and thus rallied his men in the very jaws of destruction declare that he resembled the very god of battle, the genius of battle incarnate."

We must not associate the idea of blind fury with this combatism of Jackson's, and to clear our minds of such a possibility we pass to his generalship, the third great attribute of the military genius. The great element in his generalship was his marvelous power of invariably doing the thing least expected.

After studying those world-famous flank movements, we may safely say that when the enemy felt safest an attack from Jackson was surest. To grasp a situation, elude all calculation, surprise, strike, crush, and get away without even giving them a chance to think of catching him, was what Stonewall Jackson stood for in the eyes of the Federal army. Eminently fitted to be the master of men, he could inspire his soldiers to almost superhuman effort on those great marches, and the amazing distances he could cover was once grasped by a waggish private in a good joke. He asked, "Why is Old Jack a better general than Moses?" And

when none of his fellow soldiers could answer, he answered, amid a burst of laughter, "Because it took Moses forty years to get the Jews out of the wilderness, and if Old Jack had been there, he would have double quicked them through in three days."

To offset what sometimes seemed a reckless daring, the results always proved a wonderful accuracy in his calculations; to strengthen his policy of bold aggressiveness there was an amazing rapidity of action, a certainty of foresight, and tenacity of purpose that made success inevitable.

The breath of his genius in military affairs made him grasp immense issues and carry out large movements, and the intensity with which he planned made his blows quick, hard and decisive.

With his steady nerve, clear foresight, rapidity of movement, and breath of vision, nothing seemed impossible to Stonewall Jackson, and the verdict of military critics has been that the brain which could plan and carry out the campaign of the valley would have been equal to any circumstance.

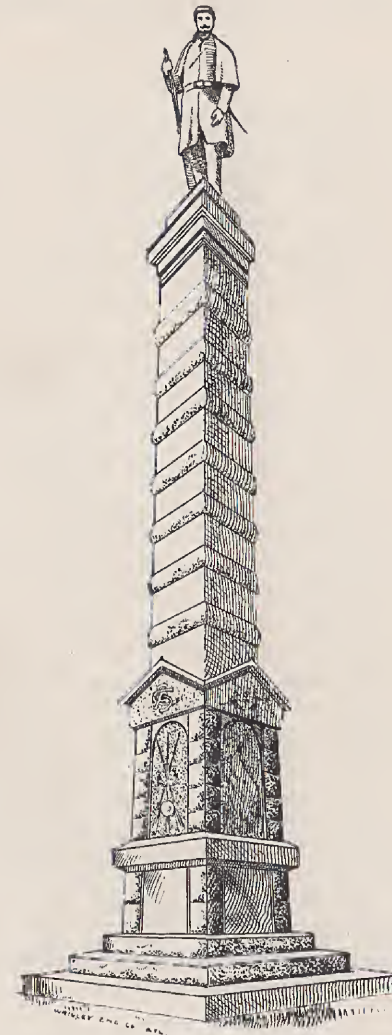
With the godliness of his self-reliance falling from him like a robe of power, Stonewall Jackson stands out in the lives of men as the embodiment of the self-conscious power of will. With the intensity of his combatism crushing all opposition and glorying in the mastery of forces, he became a living, thrilling example of the power of this will in action. With the broad development of his generalship and the everlasting glory of his successes, he towers in eternal inspiration above the world as a proof that those possibilities in which the self-reliant will trusts, and for which the spirit of combatism fights, may, in the development of the unfolding years be transformed into realities.

But in the last analysis of Character all these three forces resolve themselves into mere side-lights of that last wondrous force that made the will of Jackson radiate with power. We may climb the heights with patient will and seek to find the secret springs of every thought and deed. Quality after quality of power may be discovered and veil after veil be lifted to show some new found force in his life. But within, around and over all like a glorious spirit of beauty and light was a thrilling presence, a soul's trust in God and a love for the Father of Man. He felt that the forces in his own single life were part of that Universal Life, and upon the heights of his grand pure soul he met God face to face.

When all other things are told there still remains the central light, of which his other powers were but the shining rays.

God was to him a personal power in which he lived and moved and had his being. Glowing in his heart was the wondrous Presence inspiring every thought and deed and thrilling every plan and hope with the life of a larger hope. And so, when we reach the great white height of Stonewall Jackson's purest self, we find all wrapped in the loveliness of trust in God and falling over all in its glory and warmth, the sunshine from the Central Sun, into whose image his soul had been transformed.

For the will may plan and fight and gain,
But only when fired by the larger will,
Can true hopes be born, true deeds be done,
And true life live on till Eternity.



Monument to Confederate Dead, erected at Anderson, S. C., 1901, by the Ladies' Memorial Association, Miss Lenora Hubbard, President.

The Entombment of Jefferson Davis.

[BY "KIL COURTLAND."]

It flashed across a listening world
 A chieftain's soul had flown;
 A warrior with a banner furled,
 A king without a throne.

They laid him by a river's side,
 Where the soft tropic breeze,
 Came floating down the Gulf's blue tide,
 With shells from Southern seas.

But a noble city once oppressed,
 Had mightier, stronger claims,
 'T was Richmond yearned to give him rest,
 Fair Richmond on the James.

And so they brought him still and slow,
 O'er the hills and storied mounds,
 To where Virginia's rivers flow,
 By his old battle grounds.

Beside that tomb when day has flown,
 On guard like swarthy Huns,
 Two phantom sentries all alone,
 Rest on their grounded guns.

They fought till every hope was gone,
 Then died beneath the blue,
 Where Appomattox still makes moan,
 The Western Waterloo.

And now they guard while phantom drums,
 Roll down the midnight hours,
 And up from purple shadows comes,
 The South with all her flowers.

Our chieftain dwells among the blest,
 Far from all earthly claims,
 And the phantom sentries guard his rest,
 At Richmond on the James.

Southern Women Before, During and After the War.

[BY MRS MINNIE EDWARDS RUSSELL.]

The life of Southern women of antebellum days; the sweet olden time, has been so idealized in song and story that it is hard to separate the real from the purely imaginary. To look at it from a modern standpoint, we must thrust aside the glittering veil thus thrown over the past and take a practical, common sense view of the real situation.

The Southern heroine in literature, both of the past and present, is too often portrayed as a weak, delicate creature, of fragile form, whose chief occupation in life seems to be to sit on the verandah in a rocking chair, or to recline on a lounge pillowed with innumerable cushions. She rarely ever does anything except read a novel or busy her "fairy fingers," with dainty embroidery, while numerous servants come at her beck and call. That is one portrait of the Southern maiden before any of the responsibilities of life fell upon her shoulders. But what about the Southern matron? In the language of one of Carolina's daughters: "From early morn till morn again the most important and delicate concerns of the plantation were her charge and care. She was mistress, manager, doctor, nurse, counsellor, seamstress, teacher, housekeeper, all at once." Mrs. T. J. Latham, the gifted President of the Tennessee Division, U. D. C., with delicate touch, thus paints the portrait of the woman of the early South in a recent number of "The Confederate Veteran:" "Nowhere existed a purer and loftier type of refined and cultured womanhood than in the early South, and the hospitality and social intercourse of our grandmothers and their friends were highly cultured and refined. Their modesty was

womanly and native. They were unaccustomed to the gaze of the world and shrank from publicity. Men were the bread-winners, women the home-keepers. The graces in which the Southern women excelled and which I would fain paint on my canvas, were neatness, grace, beauty of person, ease and freedom without boldness of manner, mind innately refined and cultivated, brilliant in gay wit and repartee, with thought and character spotless and pure, a laudable pride of family, and an untiring devotion to home, friends, kindred and loved ones."

But, like gold thrown into the crucible, the women of the South had to pass through a fiery furnace to develop the best traits in their character. It is easy to be good and happy when there is nothing but sunshine and prosperity in one's life, but when the dark days come and never a ray of light penetrates the future, then is the hour at hand that tries men's souls, aye, and women feel it more than the lords of creation. For man has the world to roam and to choose from, while in most instances woman's life is bounded by the four walls of home.

For four long and bitter years were the courage, endurance and loyalty of Southern women put to a terrible test. Right nobly did they stand this test as these stronger qualities of mind and character were stirred into activity by trials, hardships, adversities and poverty. Truly it is said, "Thought and action go hand in hand. Heart and brain in unison accomplish wonders." Another writer in "The Lost Cause" forcibly says, that "The patriotism of the Southern women was not the outcome of a mere sentiment, but a pure, steady flame, which from the beginning of the war to the end, burned brightly upon the altars of sacrifice, which they set up over all the land." "The power behind the throne never ceased to be felt. Its spirit pervaded every breast of

the living barricades which opposed the invaders, nerved every arm to battle for the right and inspired valorous deeds which dazzled the world." In quiet homes our women toiled and spun, facing difficulties and dangers, such as women never confronted before, with their natural protectors far away on the bloody field of war.

When the men of Dixie marched to the front they left a fearful responsibility resting on the shoulders of our Southern women. This was to provide food and raiment for their families and all their dependant slaves, with no resources available except the products of the farm. Fortunately, the acreage of cotton was limited by law in order that large food supplies could be raised for the army, a tax of one-tenth of all provisions being levied for that purpose. In the latter part of the war an additional tax was levied to aid the widows of soldiers and such of their wives as were unable to support themselves.

Therefore, the larder at home was supplied mainly from the farm, and if one of our ancient dames could step into our little pantries of today, six by eight feet, maybe, in size, she would think starvation surely was in sight!

On the large plantations the buildings seemed like a small village. I recall several that had two dozen or more, beside the cabins for the slaves. In the yard were the big store room and little store room, the cellar built of brick with plastered walls of a kind of clay and used as a winter hot house for potatoes, turnips, etc. There was the kitchen separate from the dwelling, a dairy, a smoke house, the carriage house, with harness room attached, an overseer's cottage, the poultry house, with three large apartments; then there were sheds covering the stacks of sweet potatoes and seed cane, and last but not least, a brick oven to do the family baking before stoves came into use. In the stock

yard were the big barn and little barn, big stable and little stable, corn crib, pigeon pagoda, sheep house and tannery. At the gin house lot was the big ginnery with its lint room and seed room, the old fashioned screw cotton press drawn by horses, and a large ware room for cotton, while by the roadside sat the blacksmith shop, slaughter house and commissary store for the plantation. Thus was the planter well fixed to take care of his slaves and his crops and to manufacture the raw materials. His table was abundantly supplied with hominy, meal, rice, pork, bacon, beef, mutton, poultry, fish, game and sugar and molasses made from the sugar cane. Some of the manufactures were in a crude form and are not extinct yet. I can remember as a childish amusement watching "Uncle" Sam or Holbert on rainy days "beat rice" for the family supply in a wooden mortar with a wooden pestle in the old carriage house, while he told marvelous tales of brer' rabbit and brer' fox, or how he cooked for dem pesky Yankees when he was a prisoner of war wid old massa. Then I was sometimes sent with the house girl to the "quarters" to carry meals from "de buckra table" to blind old aunt Dorcas, this being necessary to keep her grand-daughter from eating the food on the way and giving the poor creature only "the scraps." There another old ex-slave, aunt Maria, sat and spun with her little wheel, and horrified me with an account of how "de debble kep' t'row-ing tater peelings down de chimney at me while I said my pra'rs—sho' as you's born, he did, honey!"

To return to my subject. On the farm the grain was threshed by throwing it on the barn floor and driving horses around to trample it, while a clumsy wooden machine pressed the juice out of the cane. Think of the work of carrying for all these numerous products—the troughs for salting the pork, the vessels for the lard, sugar and molasses for so

many consumers—to prepare all these and attend to the smoking and curing of hundreds of hams, sides and shoulders of bacon. Did our mothers and grandmothers have little to do?

What I might term the luxuries of the table were also provided on the farm. When the coffee gave out and there was no chance to send to town, or the price was too high, there were the substitutes, ryè and okra seed roasted, and sassafras tea. For desserts there was an abundance of fruits, nuts and berries in season, honey, apple cider, persimmon beer, grape and blackberry wine, while candy was made of molasses or sugar, with peanuts, walnuts, or bene-seeds.

The medicine chest also took up a great deal of my lady's time. There was peach and apple brandy to manufacture, the castor oil bean to dose the children, (white and black,) elder and heart-leaf salves to make with refined lard, and she even made her perfumery of rose petals and bergamot water. When a case of sickness was on hand, which was of frequent occurrence, dogwood and cherry bark bitters were much in evidence, as well as teas made of mint, lavender, hoarhound, or sage. But the greatest task of all was the manufacture of clothing. The raw materials were at hand, cotton and wool, and these provided work in abundance. They had to be spun, woven and dyed by hand. Some irreverent pen has parodied the immortal poem, "Dying, Egypt, Dying," into the following lines called:

"THE DYEING CONFEDERATE LADY."

"I am dyeing! Hessie dyeing!
Boils the kettle hot and fast,
With the bark of the plum and walnut,
Gathered in the days long past.
Reach a hand. Oh, Hessie, help me!
Cease thy giggle and look here;
Notice this great pile of garments,
Thou alone and I would wear."

Though my torn and faded dresses,
Lose their blackness ever more,
And my well worn shawls and stockings,
Tell how war has made me poor;
Though no glittering silks are with them,
Prized by every woman still;
I must mend and change and alter,
Dye my Sunday garments still."

What a task to cut out the garments after the weaving and dying were accomplished! Most of this was done for the slaves by the mistress herself, though on the larger plantations there was usually a tailor and seamstress among the servants. Headgear and footwear were also fearful problems. Now we can visit the department stores and select a hat for five, ten, or twenty dollars without any trouble (except to get the money to pay for it). Then the men had to be fitted up with cloth caps and woolen hats of domestic manufacture, while straw, corn shucks, bonnet squashes and palmetto were used for ladies' adornment. Everybody knew how to knit in those days, so that gloves and hosiery were more easily supplied.

The lady who drove with her carriage and pair could not outdress the one who rode in a wagon in those days, so that there was not much rivalry or heart burnings on account of dress. The belle who had had at least one silk dress each year, now more dyed cotton, and her beau, who erstwhile sported in broadcloth, had to don his home-made suit of jeans, homespun, or flannel. For ornament the ladies wore jewelry of fish scales or palmetto, and beads of the corn plant.

Ah, well may the men of today plan monuments to the women of the Confederacy. (As they are only *planning* them, we cannot praise them until we see the fruit of their labors. Why, out in Texas, the men had the monument—a cheek to send out a woman to visit the camps and chapters to solicit

donations for a memorial institute to the honor of the mothers, wives and daughters of the Confederacy!)

Well, I repeat, may the men bestir themselves to do honor to their memory. "In darkened homes, stricken hearts filled with an agony of desolation, struggled in vain to remember that they were the mothers and wives of heroes, but could not yet lift their eyes from the ghastly wounds and bloody graves of their loved ones." "Exalted far above mere sentiment, holding no element of vanity or selfishness, idolatrous if you please, yet an idolatry which made any sacrifice possible—no purer patriotism ever found lodgment in human breast." In the cities and in the way-side hospitals, devoted women soothed the wounded and tended the dying. No Confederate soldier was turned away who sought a meal or a night's lodging—officers and privates met with equal courtesy. But what of "the unreturning braves," those whose life blood was the fearful price of victory? How with fear and trembling was the army news received! The dreadful list of the dead, wounded and missing was read with bated breath and trembling hearts.

"Is there any news of the war? she said.
Only a list of the wounded and dead,
Was the man's reply,
Without listing his eye,
To the face of the woman standing by.
'Tis the very thing I want, she said,
Read me a list of the wounded and dead.
He read her the list—it was a sad array,
Of the wounded and killed in the fatal fray.
In the very midst was a pause to tell,
Of a gallant youth who fought so well,
That his comrades asked, who is he, pray?
The only son of the widow Gray,
Was the proud reply
Of his captain nigh.
What ails the woman standing near?
Her face has the ashen hue of fear!

Well, well, read on; is he wounded? quick?
 O God! but my heart is sorrow-sick,
 Is he wounded? No! he fell, they say;
 Killed outright on that fatal day!
 But see! the woman has swooned away.

Sadly she opened her eyes to the light,
 Slowly recalled the event of the fight;
 Faintly she murmured, 'killed outright.'
 It has cost the life of my only son,
 But the battle is fought and the victory won,
 The will of the Lord, let it be done!

God pity the cheerless Widow Gray,
 And send from the hall of eternal day
 The light of His presence to illumine her way."

Two score years have passed since the fatal sixties. The world has made great strides in its progress, and the South is making strenuous efforts to keep up with the procession. But the virtues that adorned and ennobled her womanhood forty years ago are still the pride of her people. Wider fields and higher opportunities have been opened to our daughters than we ourselves enjoyed. In the world of art, music, the drama, and literature. The women of the South hold no mean position. The professional field has not been so eagerly invaded by our women, though there are a few doctors, lawyers, preachers and college presidents among us. The feminine editors, journalists, novelists, trained nurses and teachers are more common. Now that the problem of self-support is thrust upon women more and more, they have proved themselves equal to the emergency and have knocked and obtained entrance in heretofore unsought and forbidden occupations. I knew of a woman a few years ago who was the supervising architect in the building of a bridge across the Wateree River for the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. Her father, or husband, had

died while in charge of the work, and she carried out his contract. As a rule, Southern women have not taken much stock in securing property and political rights, although more than two-thirds of the States in the Union of the North and West have given women some form of suffrage. They vote in school and municipal elections principally. A few Southern States have fallen into line. Texas and Oklahoma give school suffrage; Arkansas and Missouri vote by petition on liquor license; Mississippi on the stock law, and Louisiana on allowing railroads to run through their parish. In New Orleans there is a distinguished woman lawyer (whose name I do not recall) who has secured further concessions to women in municipal and State elections.

But I think we are not so proud of our lawyers, sculptors and dramatists as we are of such women as Augusta Evans Wilson, Miss Murfree (Craddock), Erminie Hallie Rives, Sarah Barnwell Elliot, Grace King, Frances Hodgson Burnett and Mary Johnson.

I cannot close this sketch without a brief glance at the part club life has done and is doing for our Southern women. We were a little slow in "catching on" to it, as we are to most innovations. Our grandmothers and mothers did not frequent clubs. So at first your modest, retiring woman was a little afraid that it savored of Woman's Rights. That it meant the unsexing of woman to some extent, and worse still, that it would not please the men for their mothers, sisters, wives and daughters to usurp the privileges they had enjoyed from time immemorial. Then the men were afraid that they would have to stay at home and attend to her duties while she visited the club, and dreaded the stigma which might confront them in being called "The New Woman's Husband."

In spite of fears, opposition and criticism, our Southern woman has become merged in the larger life of the club. There she finds a safe and pleasant recreation from the wear and tear of domestic work and worry. Her social nature is fed, her intellect awakened from its lethargy, and generous rivalry results in a stimulated mind and heart.

As I said before, man has the world to choose from, but woman's sphere is so environed that sometimes she sinks into a narrow rut and goes deeper and deeper, so that by and by she can scarcely peep over the edge to get a glimpse of what is going on around her. Narrowed in social life, restricted in all her intellectual and spiritual aspirations, starved in mind, heart and soul, life becomes a dry, dull, monotonous existence. So it behooves us to seek anything that will lift us higher and draw us up out of such a listless and deplorable state of being.

Yes, we have a right to be proud of our Southern womanhood in the past and present. We have a right to be proud of our club women, for right here in the Dixie Chapter of Anderson, limited as we are in numbers, we have artists, poets, dramatists, story writers, editors, educators, elocutionists, novelists, composers and musicians.

Southern War Songs.

[ANNIE TODD BARTON.]

Father Ryan tells us "A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without Liberty." No land is so full of sweet and tender memories, as the South. It has history, too, of which every true child of the South may well be proud. Our beloved land though conquered, was never humiliated.

In the strength of endurance, in the sufferings of her people for principle, in the courage of her soldiers, in the patriotism of her noble women, in the genius of her leaders, the South has never been equaled. With sincerity she can say: "Sweet are the uses of adversity." When the war closed the South was indeed a land of ruins. Homes of elegance and wealth were completely destroyed. Everywhere were to be found suffering, sorrow and want; with money gone, and business destroyed, history presents no more pathetic picture in the annals of the world.

But Anglo Saxon to the core, the people were equal to any emergency. And the women of the South took their places by the men of the South, and with spinning wheel and plowshare, *together* they made a stand against the wolf at the door. God had passed the rod across the land and smitten the people. But in His goodness, blessings came, too. His hand scattered seed that overgrew the waste plains until now the war paths, the battlefields, and the overrun have become the astonishment of the Nations.

"And the graves of the dead, with the grass over-grown,
May yet form the footstool of Liberty's Throne;
And each single wreck in the war-path of might,
Shall yet be a rock in the Temple of Right."

Some one has said: "Let me write a nation's ballads, and I care not *who* may make its laws." A true poet is indeed one of the most precious gifts that can be bestowed upon any generation. Such were Henry Timrod, Paul Hamilton Hayne, Father Ryan, and Sidney Lanier. They were the finest interpreters of the feelings and traditions of the splendid heroism of a brave people, in all the sacred tenderness that clings about its memories. Perhaps the best known of these poets is Henry Timrod.

The first edition of his poetry was little heeded in the shock of war, but his poems, "Carolina," "A Call to Arms," and "Cotton Boll," stirred the heart of the entire South. The patriotic fire, the devoted sacrifice, and splendid achievement, that the war songs of these Southern poets celebrate, were not only the rushing tide of earnest feeling *then*, but are now a part of the heritage of the State, and the entire Southland. As a people, though, we have neither honored our singers nor treasured their songs. Thomas Nelson Page says, "The harpers were present at the feast," but no one called for the song. Not only that—we have not sought to know of their songs. When the country awoke to the fact in 1861, that war really existed, armed men sprang up as if dragon's teeth had been sown, and with them came an army of singers. In the corners of newspapers, names unheard of before found a place.

The land that produced the soldiers possessed hearts to admire and praise them. War songs sprang forth with every new feat of courage, and with every new name that was added to the list of heroes. Some of these were of the "Jonah's Gourd" type, destined to live—only for a day—but not all of them were poor, here and there gems were found. Nor do the southern songs appear at a disadvantage when placed side by side with the efforts of the best known poets of the North—as has been done by George Cary Eggleston in "American War Ballads and Lyrics." Some of our own war ballads have been beautifully set to music. Colridge says: "Music is that which leads us to the edge of the infinite and allows us to look over." Because there is of the infinite in every soul, possibly accounts for the power of music over souls. Their purest and most heavenly feelings have climbed out upon the cadencies of music, as upon the rounds of a ladder, to find place in the open world, and help the next

soul in its sorrows and joys, along the way of progress; upward toward the goal of the good and beautiful. Music finds almost a sacred place in the individual, the home and the social life, and no less powerful place in the national life. One phase of the national life in which music is indispensable is the army. An army without music is an army without power, and one in whose banners victory perches but seldom. The North American Indian from the stealth of their march, had no melody to mark their movements, as they met the foe, but victory's crown for them was the war dance with its rude rhythm. Israel had no instrument to quicken the step as they entered the battle, but when the hero returned, there were daughters of the patriots to sing of the "thousand slain by Saul, and of the tens of thousands by David."

The blood of our blood, and bone of our bone, that "bled and broke" for home and native southland, were no exception. Only fools are indifferent to means to an end. Those that wore the gray were brave as ever fought under a patriot banner, but it does not follow that they had no need of encouragements. These were found in the war songs of the times. Some of these songs wove into their webs patriotism, making worthy warriors, and setting forth as the grounds of the conflict causes that have ever stirred the hearts of the true and brave, and will continue to stir them, so long as liberty is a virtue of the soul. If feet dragged as they came to the path of patriotic duty, boys and girls were near, singing some patriotic words that quickened the steps of the faltering feet. If, when the time of parting came, the sacrifice of giving wife and babies, or sweethearts, seemed too great, often a war song was the tide that moved him across the bar, into the sea of the soldier's life. If the letters came

not from the front to tell of those in the fight, and the home hearts were weary to fainting, these war songs were powerful to inspire them to new endurance of the deprivations of war. If it were known at home that the life-blood of loved ones had been poured out an offering on the country's altar, and now it was useless to look longer with tear be-dimmed-eyes for those who would never come, the ministry of this music dried the tears and staunched the bleeding hearts, persuading them to send the youngest son and brother tho' all too young for war's cruel ways. Perhaps the best known of these songs of the South, was "Maryland, My Maryland," written by Jas. Ryder Randall, of Md., who was then teaching in Louisiana. His song is full of the fire that was then surging through the South. It was sung wherever the banner of Confederacy floated, and remains a permanent contribution to literature. It was perhaps the first war song written on either side. Criticism has been offered that, "the poem is marred by its fire-eating terms of vandals, minions, and northern scum." Such terms may not seem very smooth, nor the best of poetry to northern ears, whence comes the criticism; but they are true to nature and to the times. Men's souls moved deeply then, the fires of patriotism burned hotly; the enemy's armies had entered the land we loved—it was no time for soft words, they were inadequate. Had Randall's poem been such, it would have failed its popularity then, and appreciation now. "The Bonny Blue Flag" was composed by Harry Macarthy, it came at an opportune time and was sung alike through camp and at home.

"Though conquered we adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those that fell before it."

And the battle song, inspired by a thing so treasured, is still cherished. "The Homespun Dress," sung to the same air, was written by Miss Clara Belle Sinclair, of Augusta, and was by no means an exaggeration of the state of feelings existing then among women of the South. Dixie took the form, in which it became popular, at the hands of Dan Emmett, of Ohio, his parents being from the South. Dixie stirred the hearts of the Southern boys, as they tramped on long wearisome marches, it enlivened them in camp. And to-day that proud strain is called for, on the grandest occasions, and, no doubt, it will survive the centuries. The thinning ranks of our veterans, when in reunion, have their soldier life brought back most vividly when the band strikes up "Dixie." Another very popular piece was, "Lorena," written by Rev. Homer Webster. A pathetic, but beautiful love song, it voiced the sentiment of many sweethearts, separated by war, never to meet again. Some of the most touching songs were, "Just before the Battle Mother," "Who will Care for Mother Now," "The Dying Soldier's Last Request," and others, too numerous to even mention, though I wish I had time to give extracts from all of them. It seems to me a duty for us, as Daughters of the Confederacy, to study and know more about what our singers have left us. We should not only know, but sing and have sung these songs.

A comparison with any other war songs, will fill us with delight over their excellence. They are a mighty factor to inspire to noble being, which is noble living and doing. They keep burning fresh and bright the fires of patriotism. A love that will impel respect and obedience for laws of country. That will shame down and shove out any one, who, in place of public trust, will dare to *do*, or to *be*, less than a gentleman.

Patriotism that will inspire those noble virtues of honesty, sobriety, and purity.



Legend of the Yellow Jasmine.

[BY TERESA STRICKLAND.]

Once on a time in the long ago,
A troop of sunbeams went straying,
Into a grove in the far Southland,
With the wind at hide and seek playing.
So merry were they in frolicsome play,
They forgot to notice the passing day.

The Sun in his chariot rode by,
With the blushing Day on his breast,
Their minions flew o'er the crimson sky,
To unbar the gates of the West;
But the truant sunbeams frolicked and played,
With sprites of the wind in the forest shade.

A twitter of birds, of good-night calls,
A stillness, a hush in the air,—
As though mother Nature held her breath,
To list to each flower's prayer;
Then twilight faded and dark grew the night,
And the sunbeams trembled and cried with fright.

The West wind sighed, "Naught can harm you here;"
The pine trees intoned vesper hymns,
The truant children of golden Day,
Crept and clung to the mossy limbs.
So cradled and rocked in hammocks of grey,
The naughty sunbeams all snug and safe lay.

They gazed in awe at the purpling sky,
When behold, a lovely surprise!
From out the grey and mist-woven clouds,
Were peeping and twinkling bright eyes;
The baby stars looked from the milky way,
In wonder and love at the children of Day.

The silver chariot of the Moon,
Rode up from the mystical East,
With heralds gleaming in bright array,
As though decked for a marriage feast;
In the thicket of pines, the sunbeams bright,
Played with the moon beams throughout the long night.

The stars were fading out of the sky,
 Rosy clouds had heralded the Day;
The sleepy twittering of the birds,
 Had frightened the moon beams away;
Then glad morning songs broke over the earth,
As joyous as those at Creation's birth!

Up from the hammocks of gray old moss,
 The penitent sunbeams had fled;
They found their mother, the sweet, sweet Day,
 And for her forgiveness they pled.
She listened to their story of the fair night,
And in gratitude vowed the pines to requite.

Up through the earth there stole shoots of green,
 Like little arms trembling to twine;
Higher and higher they reached aloft,
 Till they clung to a crooning pine.
The pine tree quivered and looked up above,
And thrilled with its first sweet rapture of love.

Then in the grey moss, fashioned like stars,
 Sweet flowers first opened their eyes;
The truant sunbeams clapped their wee hands,
 At this second joyous surprise.
Rare incense they placed in each golden bell,
And bade them ever in Southern climes dwell.

And so the Jasmine flowers were born,
 And tinged by the rays of the sun;
No flower that blooms holds such perfume,
 As kindness and sympathy won.
Wherever there grows the sheltering pine,
Is clinging a Yellow Jasmine vine.

Where battles were fought for Freedom's right,
 Where sleep our own heroes in grey,
Like stars upon our tattered flag,
 The Jasmine flowers doth sway,
The pines croon their hymns, the stars sing above,
One Fatherhood, Brotherhood, all is Love!

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